

# Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. II.

MARCH, 1898.

No. 3.



ROGER WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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## HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor; Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D.D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty cents. Ten copies and upwards to one address yearly, ten cents each. Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents, and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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### Topics for Echoes, 1896.

JANUARY—Alaska.  
FEBRUARY—Indian Camp-fires.  
MARCH—Progress of the Afro-American.  
APRIL—A Nation within a Nation.  
MAY—Silver and Gold.  
JUNE—Missionary Monies.  
JULY—Foes within Our Borders.  
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER—Our Roll Call.  
OCTOBER—Our Next Door Neighbor.  
NOVEMBER—Thanksgiving Number.  
DECEMBER—The Chinese in the United States.

# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. II.

MARCH, 1898.

No. 3.

## The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

THE women of our churches will be glad to look upon the group of Spelman teachers whose pictures adorn our pages. As we look upon these faces we are led back seventeen years, and remember the history of this seminary. It has been written again and again, but it is ever new, and cannot be recalled without devout gratitude for the share we have had as a society in helping on the good work. In a peculiar sense this is our school. The principals, Miss Packard and Miss Giles, were prominent educators in New England. Many of the teachers have gone out from our homes. Those who shared the sacrifices and anxieties of the early years were from New England. Our Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society is the only missionary society which is now aiding this school. Individuals outside of New England, seeing the wonderful growth of the school, have given largely of their funds. Our society is not able to do all that should be done for such an institution. Its marvellous success has created needs which must be met. We can never cease giving for this work until it has the ample endowment which it merits.

OFTEN we hear complaints because we are doing so much for the schools under our care. We are urged as a society to divide our gifts and help other struggling institutions. Gladly would we aid all faithful, earnest toilers, who need much to make their work successful in the highest degree. With the money at our disposal we are supporting thirty-six teachers in our colored schools. Is it not better to strengthen our work at these points, than to scatter it all over the South? There are many imperative needs in every school. We cannot do everything with our limited means, so let us be loyal to the schools that are depending upon us.

ONLY one month remains of the fiscal year. We are hoping and praying not only that our debt may be wiped out, but that we may have sufficient balance left over to pay the heavy bills of April, May, and June. We must decide in June, in consultation with the parent Society, how many teachers we can support during the year 1898-9. We are having many imperative calls for help, in many

directions. Shall we be obliged to reduce our work, as we did last year? Oh, that a large balance might be found upon our books, so that more teachers can be placed in needy fields, necessary furnishings provided for destitute school buildings, and another French missionary given to New England.

DURING the year we have received frequent letters from our new teacher, Miss Frances E. Smith, at Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn. Although we have never seen her, yet we looked forward to her letters with much pleasure. January 9th, we received the following very cheery message from her concerning the Christmas holidays: "The girls' prayer-services are growing steadily in interest, and we can see some development in the lives of those who are interested and active. But we need so much a deep work of grace here. Will you pray that God will give me strength of body and strength of soul for the work?" January 17th, President Doctor James sent us the following sad letter: "Miss Smith died last Friday evening, after an illness of five days, of inflammation of the pericardium. She was a fine teacher, knew her subjects well, had perfect self-control, and splendid strength of will. She was clear, precise, and positive in her statements. She was a delightful young woman, kind-hearted, pure-minded, cordial, independent, discreet, and devoted to the cause of Christ. Her departure leaves a sad vacancy in the work and in our hearts."

Miss Smith was the daughter of Rev. L. C. and Sarah R. Smith, of Alexandria, Indiana. She graduated from Franklin College, Indiana, in June, 1894, and with bright hopes for a life of usefulness entered upon mission work. The Master had need of her in higher service. May the prayer she asked us to offer be sent up to a compassionate Saviour, for the bereaved parents, by every mother who reads these lines: "Will you pray that God will give me strength."

THERE are not two classes of Christians in our churches—those that are missionary, and those that are not missionary. Every Christian is missionary, in fact. Every Christian must either 'go' or 'send.' Christ says to every lost sinner, 'Come;' to every redeemed sinner, 'Go.' We come to Christ that we may go to the lost."

## Home Mission Echoes

### Gleanings from Workers.

**MISS DELFINA CAVAJOS**, of Santa Rosa, Mexico, sends the cheering information that two young ladies have been baptized. She believes that this is but the beginning of a gracious work.

**MRS. F. B. WESTRUP**, of Linares, Mexico, speaks with gratitude of the gifts sent her for Christmas. The Sunday school children of both Linares and Montemorelos had each a gift. The tree was beautiful with lights, gifts, and cards hung from its branches, and the poor children were delighted.

**MISS TAYLOR**, of Anadarko, O. T., speaks with sorrow of her inability to talk with the people without an interpreter. Those who know the English language are few, and it costs to hire an interpreter. She gratefully acknowledges valuable barrels and packages from South Norwalk, First Church, New Haven, and New London, Conn., South Ferry, R. I., and Central Church, Salem, Mass.

THERE are over fifty pupils now in the boarding department of Atoka Baptist Academy. Some are desiring to be Christ's disciples. The school numbers 140. The pupils are busy preparing a program for Washington's birthday. Ten little Choctaw girls, all but one under ten years of age, are preparing an acrostic—Washington.

**MISS HILL**, of Little Rock, Arkansas, tells of the school work at Arkansas Baptist College in a letter received too late for an extended report. They have enrolled 159 pupils, nearly forty of whom have entered since Christmas. Their school organizations are flourishing—a Literary, Temperance, and Missionary Society. She is very grateful for valuable barrels received from Fall River, and Springfield, Mass.

**MISS WILLISIE**, of Sacramento, California, is mourning the loss of seven nice children from her day school. These little orphans have been taken back to China to be reared by a heathen grandmother. Before leaving the city, the children were taken to the cemetery to worship at their parents' graves. While her heart ached for these children, Miss Willisie is sure they can never forget the story of Jesus they heard in the mission, and that it is wrong to worship idols.

**MISS STEIN**, of Fresno, Cal., speaks of the school prayer-meetings. She decided to have them at the close of school each evening, the boys taking charge of them. One who has long held out against the Gospel has at last yielded, and is happy in Jesus.

I WISH your excellent paper could be read by all our young people.  
E. E. CHIVERS.  
Chicago, Ill.

WHILE in New York recently, we visited the Morning Star Mission on Doyer Street, and had a talk with Rev. Fugg Yet Mow. We were glad to learn that he has so far recovered from his serious illness as to resume his work. The Home Mission Society pays his salary, and the Chinese themselves pay rent, lighting, and heating. It was

a privilege to go over to Brooklyn and enter Rev. Fung Yet Mow's home. His wife, a sweet-faced Chinese woman, is a daughter of one of the Chinese pastors in Canton, China. "She has never been a heathen," her husband said, proudly. The little boys, one four years old and the other ten months, are stout, sturdy little fellows, and we could see no difference between them and any sweet, healthy American babies.

HOME MISSION ECHOES is the brightest missionary paper published.  
D. W. FAUNCE.  
Pawtucket, R. I.

WE would suggest that each Circle send a delegate to the annual meeting to be held in Cambridge, Mass., May 4th and 5th. Will it not be possible for each Association to send its director, and pay her expenses?

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS BLACK seized a quantity of beer and whiskey which had been placed on the dock for shipment to Alaska by the steamer *Elder*. Fifty cases, marked "Cumberland Home-Made Catsup," were examined by the inspectors, and it was found that, instead of catsup, each case contained two five-gallon kegs of whiskey.

### Klondike Surpassed!!

THE mine being now developed by the Woman's American Baptist Home-Mission Society on Wood Island, Alaska, gives every promise of surpassing in every way the wealth of the Klondike.

Shares can now be taken at one dollar each.

The product of the mine is not expected to be sort of gold, but priceless souls. Already several jewels have been saved; others are seeking for the fullest light, professing to love the Saviour.

Its capital is unlimited. The silver and gold are our Lord's.

All subscriptions for stock must be sent to GERTRUDE L. DAVIS, 510 Tremont Temple.

### Have You a Share?

Very generous has been the response from many of our New England Sunday schools in helping to work the mine on Wood Island, Alaska. But some have not understood that we wished an *annual* gift, and have failed to renew their shares each year. Up to date this year thirty-one Sunday schools in Maine, seventeen in New Hampshire, fourteen in Vermont, seventy-one in Massachusetts, twenty in Rhode Island, and thirty-five in Connecticut have given aid.

The Lord has blessed the work of the year by the conversion of some of the children; one has been baptized, others are asking for baptism.

Can your Sunday school claim a portion of the blessing? If not, will you take a number of shares *speedily*, and thus strengthen the hands and hearts of those who are mining, not for gold, but for souls?



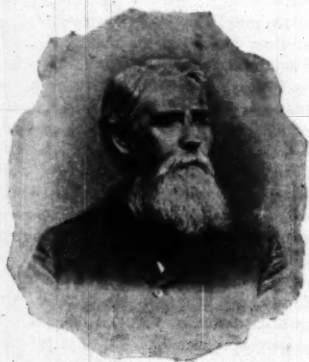
## Hartshorn Memorial College.

RICHMOND, VA., January, 1898.

**A**FTER nearly twenty-four years of work for the Afro-Americans, I believe there is no Christian work in the world more pressing or more promising than that for the colored people of the South.

Why most pressing? Because so much depends upon their conditions. Not only their own personal good is at stake, but the welfare and safety of the great republic are bound up in the same bundle with the welfare of the increasing millions of the colored race.

And why most promising? For many reasons. In the



L. B. TEFFT, D. D.

first place, there are no other people in the world so responsive to effort for their improvement. For people of many a foreign nationality among us, labor for their improvement seems almost like beating the air. The reaper fills his hand with no sheaf. But among the colored people, whether one work for education, for temperance, for better home making, or for salvation, there is a ready response. In the second place, no people in the world ever made so marked advancement in so brief time. Not one generation has yet elapsed since emancipation. Their men and women of middle life were born in slavery. The generation born in freedom are just beginning to enter public places. And even these were born of parents whose day of education had passed before freedom came. But these men and women are not only achieving notable successes, but even wresting plaudits and honors from a somewhat reluctant public.

In the third place, some of those qualities which, for the present, are sometimes a trial to their friends, are indications of abundant enlargement in the end. That efferves-

cent self-assertiveness, which now and then makes their best friends wish themselves at rest in heaven, has in it elements of great hope. They "catch on" upon the life which goes on around them. They undertake to appropriate the best life which is around them. Does the white man have churches? The colored man will have churches. Does the white man have Christian associations? The colored man will have like associations. Does the white man have lyceums, asylums, insurance companies, banks, or anything else you please? The colored man must have the same. By and by this youthful effervescence will be toned down and tempered by experience and toil and failure, and learning and patient aspiration will take the place of the boiling over of untested hope. And the white race should not find too much fault with those elements for which the colored race is not altogether responsible. What other people, just coming upon the great world's stage, has a greater field of hope?

Where shall Christian money be given? Money added to the great endowments of the old institutions of learning helps to give the fine finish and polish of rich culture — and this is well if the finish do not polish the student into dainty inefficiency — but money given for this Christian education furnishes bread and brawn for a people which otherwise must struggle in vain, and perish for the lack of the bread which feeds the real life. If a man will build for himself a memorial among men, here is the place in this educational work for the Afro-Americans. If he seeks only the memorial which is inscribed upon redeemed character and renovated society, an inscription which endures in the life beyond, here still is the place for the bestowal of his money, for the Christian training of the Afro-Americans.

L. B. TEFFT.

## Wayland Seminary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12, 1898.

**W**E are getting settled down to work again after the Christmas holidays, which, I think, were generally enjoyed by all. Many of the students went home for the vacation, while a goodly number remained at the Seminary. As nearly all of the teachers were here, we tried to make it a Merry Christmas for those who remained.

We observed the week of prayer, and good meetings were held each night, although there was no special interest shown among the unconverted. There are not many among us who are not Christians, still we want to see them all taking a stand for Christ.

A few new students have entered since the holidays. The more I become acquainted with these people, the more clearly do I see what education means to them, and will mean to them in the future. They certainly have capabilities which are by no means to be despised. There is material in this school alone which cannot help but make the world better, if only rightly used. My heart goes out to so many of our students who have no pleasant memories of home life, and to whom, in fact, the word, home, bears no significance. One especially appeals to my sympathy, a young woman, seventeen years of age, who

was brought to this country from Africa by a missionary, when a small child, and who was afterwards brought to Wayland Seminary. She is a very bright girl, and is extremely fond of reading. She has a remarkable gift for remembering whatever she reads, and often surprises us by referring to something of which we supposed her to be ignorant. One day in my room she was looking at a picture of Beethoven at his piano, when suddenly she astonished me by saying, "I wonder if he was composing his sonata in F in that picture." In reply to my question, as to how she knew about his sonata in F, she said, "Oh! I read about it." She has a cheerful disposition, but sometimes we catch a glimpse of the sadness underneath, when she sees the difference between herself and other girls who have homes, and some one to care for them. Last Sunday evening, in prayer-meeting, she asked me to sing, "Lead, kindly light," as best expressing the sentiment of her heart. I think every one was touched as we sang the hymn. We know it must have been the Lord's will to bring her here, and we trust that when she shall have finished her education she may be used of the Lord to do His work.

CORA LOUISE ROOT.

### State University.

LOUISVILLE, KY., January, 1898.

SOON after the war closed, August, 1865, a company of intelligent colored men met to consider the organization of the Baptists of Kentucky for religious and educational work. The Colored Baptist State Convention was organized in August, 1865.

This convention agreed to establish an institution for the education of preachers and teachers. Money was collected from the churches of the State, and in 1873 property was purchased in Frankfort, but this was afterward considered an undesirable location, and early in 1879 it was sold, and the present property in Louisville purchased for \$13,800.

This property was the home of a slave-holder, and is said to have been one of the most beautiful places in this vicinity. The servants' quarters are now used as class rooms and as dormitories for some of the young men. Many stories are told of cruelties once perpetrated here, where now every effort tends to the development of Christian character.

In February, 1879, the school was opened at the present locality, under the name of the Kentucky Normal and Theological Institute, which was later changed to State University. A frame chapel was erected, which was burned in 1891, but the present chapel, a plain brick structure, soon took its place.

Rev. W. J. Simmons, D. D., Rev. J. H. Garnett, D. D., and Rev. C. L. Purce, D. D., have, in turn, served as presidents. The first class graduated in 1884, and our graduates now number over two hundred. These are filling important positions as preachers, teachers, clerks, printers, etc., in this and other States, and others are physicians, lawyers, mechanics, jewelers, etc.

The support of the school comes from the colored Baptists of the State, with the exception of the help given by

the A. B. H. M. S., the Women's Society of New England, and, at present, the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society.

The University has no endowment, and is struggling with a debt of \$3,500. An effort is being made to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary, on March 5th, by raising the amount of indebtedness.

ELIZABETH SEELEY.

### Mather School, Beaufort, S. C.

January 24, 1898.

THE Sea Islands are Beaufort and Port Royal, St. Helena, Hilton Head, Ladies Island, Paris Island, Coosaw, Dafuski, Edisto, Wasaw, Dawtah, Big and Little Island, and many smaller ones.

There are about 30,000 people on these islands, only about 1,100 of whom are white. When the colored people are not in contact with the whites, and really have no written language, their speech changes so as to be hardly intelligible to us.

Schools partially supported by Northern Boards or friends are Penn School on St. Helena, Harbinson Institute in Beaufort, Mather School on the shell road between Beaufort and Port Royal, Whitney School in Port Royal. Densely inhabited points of the mainland, very destitute of educational facilities, run down among the islands, connected by ferries, and find school privileges in the above-named schools. The coast of the mainland is indebted to the islands also for spiritual light. The colored public schools, supported by the county, are in session two, three, or four months, and taught entirely by colored teachers, often entirely disqualified for the work. The graded school in Beaufort continues eight months.

We are very busy, with thirty-two boarders and one hundred and ten day scholars. All are doing well, and there are several genuine conversions. Most of the boarders are Christians, and some of the day scholars are serious. We are thankful to our Heavenly Father for His Spirit manifested in our midst.

LIZZIE KINSMAN.

MISSISSIPPI has 744,749 negroes, 60.9 per cent. illiterate. South Carolina has 689,141 negroes, 64.1 per cent. illiterate. Georgia has 858,996 negroes, 67.3 per cent. illiterate. Louisiana has 560,192 negroes, 72.1 per cent. illiterate. In our country three-fourths of the nation's illiteracy is in the South. Forty per cent. of the whole population of the South cannot read the New Testament. Of the 2,000,000 illiterate voters in our country, 1,500,000 are in the South. Twenty per cent. of the Southern whites and four per cent. of the Northern are illiterate. Eighty per cent. of the wealth of the nation is in the North.

Previous to 1876 there were no public schools in the South for whites or blacks. Even now one-third of the States have a school term averaging only four months per annum for both races. The reason for this is the poverty of the South. The entire school system for the negro is now carried on by negro teachers. The modicum of learning offered the negro by the public schools of the Southern States does not even furnish the foundation for the commonest degree of intelligence."

### Waters Institute, Winton, N. C.

THE early struggles and achievements of Waters Institute, Winton, N. C., may be of some interest to our readers. The principal, Rev. C. S. Brown, entered Shaw University in the fall of 1880, and was educated by some Sunday school in the North. Before graduation, partly through the influence of Doctor Tupper, he contemplated going into the eastern section of the State, where the great bulk of colored people reside, and establish an educational work tributary to Shaw. The plan fixed, he at once set to work to execute the same. The undertaking looked hopeless. The field was literally a wilderness, a dark, neglected section, great in numbers, greater in ignorance.

Horace Waters, of New York, gave the first contribution to this work,—a check for twenty-five dollars,—which was supplemented by a donation of ten dollars from Doctor Tupper.

The primitive forest was cleared away, and the first building—a coarse structure still in use—was erected in the spring of 1886, and school opened the following fall.

The principal fortunately secured the active cooperation of the colored people themselves, and has succeeded in collecting hundreds of dollars from them to promote the work. He urges upon them that self-help is the best of help. The property is now worth about eleven thousand dollars. Nearly two hundred students are instructed daily. The work is burdened with a debt of nearly two thousand dollars, which has a depressing effect upon the poor people who have given so liberally to establish it. Northern friends have given liberally, but we need more aid.

January, 1898.

CORA B. PERSON.

### Houston Academy, Houston, Texas.

January 28, 1898.

ON the opening of school many bright faces of both new and old students were greeted in our cheerful, commodious, and cleanly chapel, and their voices rang out with joy in the opening songs, that school had once more begun. This gave enthusiasm and inspiration to the teachers,—brighter prospects never dawned for Houston Academy.

Shortly, came the decree from the mayor of the city, that all schools close, to suppress the spread of what was thought by some to be yellow fever; but which proved to be the dengue fever only. This caused a crash, and a depression in business of all kinds, all over the city, and, indeed, all over the State of Texas and other Southern States. We have never been able to recover from this scare, and its effects will be felt through the entire session.

By the time we had gotten under good headway, and settled down to work again, the rainy season, which is so prevalent in Southern Texas, began, in consequence of which our school work has been greatly interfered with, for we have not had one fair week since the dawning of the New Year. The country has been flooded, and the roads well-nigh impassable. The circumstances have both greatly

reduced our enrolment and cut down our daily attendance. These and other drawbacks have militated much against the progress of our work thus far. Nevertheless, we are still hopeful, trying "to learn to labor and to wait."

IDA L. GARNETT.

### Jackson College, Jackson, Miss.

THE yellow fever of the summer delayed the opening of our school until November 24th. The injury that this scourge did to the South cannot be estimated. The suspension of business and exodus of the white people left the colored people out of employment. The fever still lurks in one or two places, and unless we have colder weather, it may break out again in the spring. Another



WATERS INSTITUTE, CLASS OF '97.

drawback this year is the low price of cotton. These things, following the floods of last spring, put the colored people of Mississippi in a very hard place. Some of our best students have not been able to return. Many are now teaching in order to be in school the last three months. Never was the need of student aid so great as now. Yet we are full, and constantly hearing of others that will be in soon.

The earnestness is very noticeable. Students feel the loss of the two months, and, by extra effort, try to make up the time.

The religious interest is excellent, and this spirit pervades all departments of work. In our daily Bible lesson we are studying the life of Christ and deducing practical teachings. A recent lesson on the Temptation so impressed the school that its influence was plainly seen. Prayer-meetings are full of interest, often two or three being on their feet at once. In study, deportment, and general character, the school is far beyond what we have ever had.

A strong corps of teachers incites each class to do its best work. The music department has grown rapidly. Students are carefully graded in their daily work, and the advanced class renders some fine music.

We hope much from cooperation. Doctor McVicar meets the committee in March, when, it is expected, articles of cooperation will be adopted, and an educational agent put in the field. This will make Jackson College the great Baptist school of the State.

MRS. L. G. BARRETT.

## Coleman Academy.

GIBSLAND, LA., January, 1898.

THIS institution was founded in 1887, by Prof. O. L. Coleman, with ten pupils, in an old church house. This town is in the central part of North Louisiana, at a crossing of four railroads. The school is about one mile from the depot, on quite a high hill. This hill was a forest eight years ago. The location is quite healthful. We started without any money except a few dollars. Now the school owns ten acres of land in the town, three buildings, one valued at six thousand dollars, and the other at three thousand. One of these buildings is occupied by the President's family and the girls. The other is used for chapel and teaching purposes. We have also lost three valuable buildings by fire. The property was accumulated principally by the self-denial of the teachers and the pupils. Professor Coleman ran the school the first five years, supporting himself and three other teachers on what tuition they could get, and letting all the money from other sources go towards erecting buildings. Our girls' dormitory was consumed by fire the third of last March. We have in its stead a building which is valued at \$6,000. It lacks a little of being completed internally on the second and third floors. The teachers principally raised the money, while the students did the work. The colored people over the State seem to be more interested in the work than ever before. The whites of this town help a little. They say they are not able to help much. Those of other towns say they are not able to help or cannot help because it will not do them any good. We have an enrolment of 205. Fifteen families or more moved in this section, rented and bought houses and lots for the purpose of educating their children. Our common school teachers and graduates are doing creditable work as teachers and preachers. Some of our graduates are standing at the heads of high schools. We have added to our School a little folks' training school, a sewing class, and a Bible class daily. The age of our students is from eight up to forty. We have more grown people this year than ever before. We are to begin revival services in February, and we ask your prayers for these meetings. We want to win the last soul for Christ, and we know nothing will help us in this but prayer. We have a large number of young men who are studying for the ministry. Some of them hardly know their alphabet. Yet they are our preachers.

MATTIE A. COLEMAN.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., January 26, 1898.

I ENJOY my work very much, although sometimes I should like to see the results right away, but this is much a childish feeling. I very well know that without God's help I will never see any results. I ask my Heavenly Father that He may use the Testaments, tracts, and conversations we had as instruments in His hands to bring in the fold some of His lost sheep; that He may be the one to lead me by the hand; that He may speak through me. The first part of the week I generally go in some new families, and the last of the week I visit families I have seen before, and talk with them. Once in a while a lady,

Roman Catholic, will ask me to go and spend an afternoon with her. I go and try to lead the conversation on religious subjects as much as possible. As a rule, I am welcome in the different families. There are exceptions. Some places they will not let me in; others will not notice me after I am in. I have to ask them if they recognize me. "Yes, but we don't like your books; they don't speak of the Holy Mary." Others will say, "Our priest don't want us to read those books. He told us not to take any books without a cross at the beginning." Sometimes I feel as though I want to take my pencil or pen and draw a cross at the beginning of my Testaments. In some places they will tell me, "If my books are not any better than myself, they don't want to read them," but generally they will refuse politely, saying, "We were born and brought up this way, and don't want to turn our coat"—an expression they have to say "We don't want to become Protestants." They are afraid to read the Bible lest they shall find themselves Protestants afterwards. I heard it said that a Roman Catholic needs to be converted three times: 1st, to make him understand that the priest has no right to keep him from reading the Bible; 2d, to show him the traditions of men brought into their church contrary to the Word of God; 3d, to show him the way of salvation through Christ crucified for redemption. ARDOINE ST. JAMES.

## The Best Labor in the World.

HE who would succeed with negro labor must let the negro see that he is treated as a man, not as a brute. If he is given a decent house for himself and family, and not made to work an unreasonable number of hours during the day, he will repay any one in high profits who thus treats him, and at nearly one-half the cost paid to Northern white farm help.

Sooner or later this country is going to realize that it has at its very doors the best labor that the world has seen.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

THE first need of the free black is to elevate himself according to the standard of this material generation. So soon as the Ethiopian goes in his chariot, he will find not only apostles, but Chief Priests and scribes and Pharisees willing to ride with him."—*J. Russell Lowell*, in "*Biglow Papers*" (p. 263).

It was not a day of feasting,  
Nor a day of the brimming cup;  
There were bitter drops in the fountain  
Of life as it bubbled up;  
And over the toilsome hours  
Were sorrow and weakness poured.  
Yet I said "Amen" when night came;  
It had been a day of the Lord.

A day of His sweetest whispers,  
In the hush of the tempest's whirl;  
A day when the Master's blessing  
Was pure in my hand as a pearl.  
A day when, under orders,  
I was fettered, yet was free;  
A day of strife and triumph,  
A day of the Lord to me!



## Home Mission Echoes

### Spelman Seminary.

ATLANTA, GA., February 2, 1898.



**S**CARCELY do the workers at Spelman "take note of time but from its loss," so swiftly do the days and weeks glide by, each moment filled with some duty. The words, "Our term is half out today," came to me as a surprise; and the thought, "How much remains to be done!" startled me.

We have never had so many applications for teachers as during the past few weeks. "We want a Spelman girl" is the oft-repeated request. Would we had hundreds to send. Unless our girls teach two months in the spring, they cannot secure a school for the summer. Consequently a number have left to teach already. Cheering reports

see you on earth, I will meet you in heaven and the Jesus will thank you for me. My daughter wishes she had been there years ago, and speaks of how much she has learned about the Bible, and that alone is a blessing. I am thankful to the Lord for opening the way to send my daughter to such a Christian school."

The president of one of the prominent white colleges of the State, while visiting Spelman, remarked: "I should tremble for this people, were this educational work in the hands of the State, with no religious instruction." We note with thankfulness the influence of the Bible in moulding the character of our girls. We now have only eight unsaved in our boarding department, and hope that, as last year, at the close of the term will find all Christians.

We are grateful to friends who have so kindly remembered us this year by sending bedding and clothing, both of which we so much need. The First Church of Rochester, N. Y., sent a barrel of material for our hospital, for



TEACHERS OF SPELMAN SEMINARY.

come of their success. The following letter speaks for itself. It was written by the trustee of a school at whose request we sent a teacher, a graduate of our Normal Department. "You will please pardon my delay in manifesting my gratefulness to you for your favor to me, which is so highly appreciated by all concerned; and most of all, the judicious selection that you made in choosing Miss A., who so completely fills the bill, or equals the situation in every particular. She has the will-power, zeal, energy, tact, and ability needed to awake an interest in pupils, and to put life in a school; more than all, she has such a graceful appearance. The superintendent, Professor B., is highly pleased, and has taken great interest in her. We, the people of C., will ever remember you for the kind deed done for us. We only hope to make her stay with us so pleasant that she may, at the close of this school term, be willing to accept her position again at a good salary." Another writes of her home life, saying, "I have been trying to make sunshine all around, by living a pure life, doing good deeds and keeping good company. In doing so, I know I will live the life that will please Christ. I often repeat the Christian Endeavor Pledge, and I feel proud to know I have had an opportunity to learn something I can tell to others." A mother writes from Mississippi: "If I never

which we are truly grateful, as the needs were urgent. In the whole South there is scarcely any provision made for caring for the sick among the colored people. In the Grady Hospital in Atlanta, there is one small ward set apart for them, but no private rooms for critical surgical cases. The one-room cabin which is too often the home of the negro, is unfit for their sick, by reason of the cold, the damp, and the scarcity of every comfort, and the lack of knowledge and skill in those who care for them. There is often no money with which to employ a physician or buy medicines. The suffering of the sick poor among the colored people cannot be described. We find the greatest difficulty in carrying on the work without funds and the supplies that are absolutely necessary. Even with our limited resources there have been quite a number of very critical surgical operations performed, patients coming not only from Atlanta, but from a distance. HARRIET E. GILES.

In this busy age, with its action and, oftentimes, its ungodly competition, in this day when men must rise early and retire late to keep right abreast and ahead of the times, men and women, you must, whatever else comes or goes, you must find time to sit at the feet of Jesus. — Rev. J. Campbell Morgan.



## American Baptist Home Mission Society.

### Notes.

**ONLY** one month more before the close of the Society's fiscal year, March 31st. Has your church made an offering during the year for Home Missions? If not, we plead earnestly that they do so at once, and forward it before March 31st. Churches in New England may send remittances to Rev. F. T. Hazlewood, D. D., Tremont Temple, Boston, who will receipt for the same.

THE question is often asked, "Will the Society close the year without any debt?" We cannot tell. Fluctuations in contributions during February and March, when receipts are much larger than for any other two months in the year, may upset all our calculations. The present indications are that there will be a deficit, though not very large. We hope that there will be such sustained standards of liberality, and such increased giving on the part of many, as to wholly avert a debt. Diminished offerings will surely result in another debt.

We know of a church that is supporting several native missionaries in Japan, and yet when the Lord brought to that very church some Japanese converted here, so strong was the opposition of influential members to their reception, that the pastor had to defer their baptism for months, until the feeling subsided, in order to avoid a rupture with these brethren. What kind of a missionary spirit is that which gives for the conversion of heathen in their own land, and shuts Christian doors in the face of the same people converted here?

OUR colored contributors to this number of ECHOES are all men of mark. And the striking thing is, that these men who write so well, who have attained to distinction either as preachers, professors in higher institutions of learning, and in organized missionary work, were born in slavery, and have worked their way upward by sheer force of character. Dr. Brooks, in a personal letter accompanying his communication, says of his own church edifice, so well described by him: "This progress has been made by the offspring of a congregation of slaves, and our property is the evolution of several enlargements and rebuildings, and two or three additions to the original site. This work has been done under the pastoral labors of a man who was educated by the liberal gifts of Northern philanthropists; a man who was once a slave, but is to-day blessed with

freedom. The means for this work came from our own people. We teach self-reliance." Doesn't it pay to develop characters like these?

### CHURCH EDIFICE WORK.

#### Remember "Chapel Day."

**SUNDAY**, March 27th, is "Chapel Day" for Baptist Sunday schools, when all are asked to make an offering to assist in building chapels, especially in the West, so that Sunday schools as well as general congregations may have a place of their own in which to meet. The Home Mission Society has prepared an excellent exercise, consisting of music and recitations, for the use of Sunday schools on Chapel Day. Superintendents of schools in New England may obtain copies of this from Doctor Hazlewood, Tremont Temple, Boston.

What can be more appropriate than offerings from Sunday schools, with their conveniences, in our Eastern churches, to help shelter in a modest way the schools in the West, that, without chapels, have a hard struggle to maintain their existence? It is a common thing for a missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society to have under his care from three to five Sunday schools, and last year the missionaries reported an enrolment of 68,379 in their schools.

A gift by the Society of about \$300 often enables a Western church to build a neat house costing from \$1,500 to \$2,000. The offerings from Sunday schools the past ten years have helped in the building of fifty or sixty chapels. Money is greatly needed for this work.

#### One Year's Work.

**THE** Church Edifice Department of the American Baptist Home Mission Society would be of itself a very respectable organization were it on an independent basis. Last year it assisted seventy-nine churches in building houses of worship—fifty-nine by gifts, ten by loans, and twelve by gifts and loans. These were located in twenty-six States and Territories. American churches, fifty-seven; Scandinavian, six; German, seven; French, two; Italian, one; Indian, one; Colored, five.

The total amount of gifts was \$17,823.55, and of loans, \$12,400. Nineteen churches were enabled to build with

gifts ranging from \$100 to \$150; twenty-two, with gifts ranging from \$200 to \$300; eighteen, with \$325 to \$500; a few others, with less or larger sums.

How can more good be done with a few hundred dollars than in thus stimulating churches to secure for themselves suitable houses of worship? Every hundred dollars thus given multiplies itself in results about five times.

#### Chapels for Frontier Churches.

A FRONTIER dwelling, whether a sod house, a log house, or a frame house, is not a good meeting-place for Sunday school or congregation. When Mary has the

measles, the school must be suspended, or migrate to some other place. In many districts there is prejudice against the use of schoolhouses for religious services: Public halls used for all sorts of entertainments have anything but an air of sanctity about them; while their floors generally are far from being immaculate.

Visiting a frontier town, I was asked to preach on Sunday in the principal, if not the only, hall in the place. Inasmuch as Saturday nights, after men had received their week's wages, were the harvest time for "shows," I thought it would be well to go early on Sunday and inspect the condition of the place.

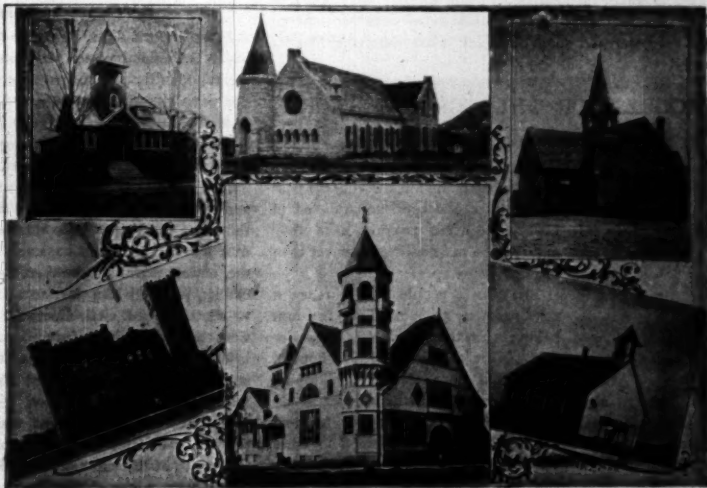
It looked like anything but a place for Sunday services. The floor was filthy; seats were disarranged; back of the platform were phenological charts of outlandish-looking heads; while on a table was an assortment of skulls, none of which were wanted as illustrations for my sermon. We turned the pictures to the wall, concealed the skulls, got the seats in order, and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." This is an illustration of the disadvantages under which pioneer missionaries have labored, and are laboring, in hundreds of places in the West, without neat and attractive chapels dedicated solely to the service of God.

#### A Godless Town Transformed.

SOME time ago, a thriving little town in Iowa had the reputation of being the most godless town in that section of the State. Various efforts had been made to establish and maintain religious services, but each in turn had failed, so that no religious services of any kind were held in the place. Sunday was spent in horse-racing, gam-

bling, and drinking. There was an infidel club in the town, which included a large number of the citizens. It was near enough to the border so that liquor could be imported without difficulty, and frequently large numbers of people were drinking at the regular Sunday horse-race.

One of our district missionaries visited the field, and, after a thorough inspection of it, held meetings enough to interest a few, and then proposed to build a house of worship. With the promise of a gift of \$300 the people were encouraged to take hold of the enterprise, and in a short time a beautiful house of worship was completed and dedicated. A special meeting was held immediately after-



NASHUA, N. H.,  
VERMILION, S. DAK.

TRINIDAD, COLO.,  
SALEM, ORE.

KALISPELL, MONT.,  
MIAMI, I. TER.

#### GROUP OF CHURCH EDIFICES.

wards, which resulted in the conversion of a large number. In one year's time, largely through the influence of that gift of \$300, every member of the infidel club had been converted, except one, and he was a regular attendant upon the services. Horse-racing and gambling were at an end, and the regular weekly dances were given up. The church has been self-supporting from the start, and contributes liberally to all denominational enterprises. It is still the only house of worship in the town, and is a centre of Christian influence.

REV. W. B. RAIRDEN.

#### Some Church Edifice Proverbs.

A MISSIONARY without a meeting-house is like an unriveted and detached blade of a pair of shears.

As a home is to the household, so is a church edifice to a household of faith.

A vagrant man and a vagrant church without any abiding-place find little favor with men.

A house of worship is a standing testimony to the faith and consecration of the people of God.

The first to build a house of worship finds most favor with the people.

A denomination that neglects its church edifice work becomes weak; while by diligence others become strong.

As a shepherd without a sheepfold, so is a missionary without a meeting-house.

Slothfulness in church edifice work is the brother of wastefulness.

To gather men into Christian folds in the East, and provide for them no folds when going West, is like putting money in a bag with holes.

The organization of churches and Sunday schools in the West is easily accomplished; but without abiding-places their dissolution is often so speedy as to raise the inquiry: "If they were so soon done for, what were they begun for?"

## PROGRESS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE

### I. Improvement in Public Worship.



THE progress of the colored people of the South along many lines, during the past thirty years, has been unparalleled in history. But in nothing have they made more marked improvement than in public worship.

The colored people are by nature a very religious people. They are firm believers in the Word of God. For this we are thankful. It is a hopeful sign. But their zeal in worshipping God has not always been according to knowledge.

At the close of the Civil War, when the light of freedom dawned upon the colored people, they assembled together in barns, vacant houses, and groves, in prayer and praise-meetings, to give thanks to God for their deliverance from the shackles of slavery. Well does the writer remember walking ten miles, though a small boy, to attend some of these meetings, and to hear a colored man preach.

These services would sometimes last all day and till twelve o'clock at night. As a result, there were great revivals of religion; thousands of souls were converted; churches were organized in every community.

But there were no pastors to take charge of these churches, and train and instruct them. In some sections there were men who could not read a line in charge of three and four churches. The worship consisted of singing the old plantation songs, exhortations, and shouting. There was no real Bible instruction.

To-day, in these same churches, there are well-organized Sunday schools, mission bands, regular weekly prayer-meetings, good church choirs, instructive sermons, the audiences quiet and attentive, and everything is done decently and in order.

This is not only true of the town and city churches, but in many of the remote country districts. The question naturally arises, what has wrought this wonderful change in public worship? The answer is not far. Intelligent leadership. For a quarter of a century the schools established

and supported by the American Baptist Home Mission Society have been sending out men and women trained for Christian work.

These trained pastors have not only improved the methods of public worship in the churches over which they preside, but by contact with other pastors who have not had the advantages of attending school, they have exerted a wonderful influence in changing the customs and methods of public worship, and in bringing the churches up to a higher standard of Christian living.

REV. N. F. ROBERTS

Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.

### II. Clearer Views of Christianity.

FROM thousands of years of the grossest heathenism, in which the animal nature rose into complete control of the mental faculties, the negro entered into a cruel bondage of 250 years' duration, which served not only to bind the body, to chain down the intelligence, and to benumb the moral sensibilities, but to blot out the sense of personal accountability and to eliminate the power of self-direction also.

Like a drowning man filled with the smothering waters and dragged to the shore, more dead than alive, the negro, thirty-two years ago—as a war measure—was dragged and dropped out upon the national life. And, strange to tell, the nation that had smothered him until life was almost extinct, required him to rise at once, and to fully respond to all the social, civil, domestic, moral, and religious relations and activities of human life. Required to make bricks without straw! Yes, to make bricks without strength to bear the mortar! Yea, the dead are required to make bricks without straw!

But, like the half-drowned man on the shore, rolled by the hands of friends, ejecting the water from his lungs till the breath of life can again reach the vital current, we have slowly thrown out slavery, and inhaled light and truth and manhood.

If the negro of 1898 will turn his "field glass" and "phone" upon the negro of 1865, he will see and hear strange sights and sounds. As I look back to those days I recall names and facts regarding some of the early preachers. There was Brother S—, who, under the charge of misapplication of trust funds, was sent to the penitentiary. Brother F—, who at every conference had to beg pardon for drunkenness. Brother G—, who stood high for his piety, was allowed to have two families. Brother F—, who always carried his flask into the pulpit, telling us that he couldn't preach well except when he was "half tipsy." Brother A—, who told us of the smoke which came out of his nostrils at the time of his conversion, and of how God's "only forgotten son" died for our sins, could also have two wives. All this was due to the fact that their view of Christianity was a separate and distinct thing from all beside. It was not a life and a law running through all human relations and governing all human activities, seasoning the whole life with grace and conforming the conduct to truth and love.

In proportion as our intelligence has developed regarding the *theology*, and in proportion as the will—the self-



directing energy of the soul—has been exercised with reference to the *religion of Christianity*, we have moved from the old to new and better view-points. Slowly we are coming to see that Christianity is a system of truth which must be learned, and is an example which the individual is called upon to repeat in his own life.

C. O. BOOTHE, D. D.

Hollywood, Alabama.

### III. Progress in the Number and Character of Church Edifices.

PRIOR to 1865 negro Baptists owned but few houses of worship, possibly 600; possibly not so many by half. A quarter of a century later they had 12,000. Had they done little else than erect meeting-houses since their emancipation, they had done well, all things considered.

The total value of negro Baptist church edifices in the United States in 1890 was \$9,038,549. When it is remembered that ninety-nine per cent. of this sum was raised by the colored people themselves, it will be seen that negro Baptists are taking at least one lesson in Christian giving.

The majority of church edifices which are owned by negro Baptists, being in rural districts, where land, logs, and plain pine boards are cheap, and where manual labor, for the cause of God, is often rendered without asking or receiving financial reward, are rude and inexpensive. They could not be otherwise when, in 1890, their average cost, including site, building, and furniture, was less than \$750. The church edifices which are owned by the negro Baptists of the larger towns and cities are, of course, far more valuable. In such places the log church long since became a thing of the past; here, too, the frame building for public worship is almost extinct, and the barn-like brick structure, with its stoves and falling pipes, is also rapidly disappearing. In their stead is rising the house of prayer, which illustrates in so many ways how culture transforms cold, dull earth into manifold means of comfort and ennobling beauty.

Let us pause for a moment in front of one of these edifices. A desirable locality, a magnificent site, a noble building, challenge our attention. We enter. Material and workmanship, the good taste and sound judgment displayed in everything, surprise and delight us. Here, on the ground floor, are lecture-room, infant department, kitchen, Sunday school library, and ladies' lavatory; beneath is a large concreted cellar, and a steam-heating furnace, which warms the entire building. Maps, reversible settees, an organ, a piano, a Sunday school banner, and a Christian Endeavor chart render the lecture-room decidedly attractive. We pass by a rear stairway to the floor above, and tarry awhile to look at the pastor's study, his lavatory, and the ladies' parlor.

Then we enter the main auditory, and are charmed with the lofty frescoed ceiling; the galleries, which slope gracefully from the four walls; the large pipe-organ; the handsome and comfortably cushioned pews; the beautifully carpeted floors; the pulpit, with simple but elegant furniture, and the broad, deep baptistery, with marble

front, with hanging and sliding portieres, and an ornament of woodwork, which supports the overhanging gallery.

It is a long way on the road of progress from the plantation meeting-house of other years to a city church property of the value of \$80,000. Let God be praised that the distance has been covered by negro Baptists.

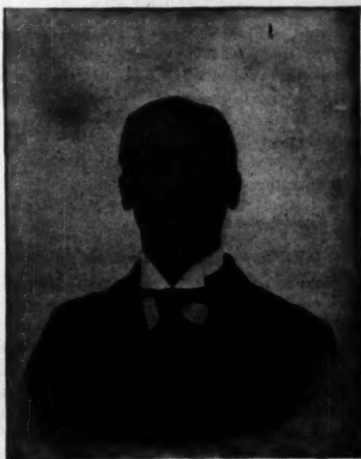
Can any friend of humanity doubt that it *pays* to invest largely in the Christian leaders of this rising race?

WALTER H. BROOKS, D. D.,

Pastor of 19th Street Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

### IV. Growth of the Educational Spirit.

IN bondage the colored people were observant, and to the extent it was allowed they were imitative. Brought



PROF. WM. E. HOLMES.

into contact with the representatives of generations of culture, they noticed that emphasis was placed upon the importance of intellectual education; that no family of standing and education permitted their children to grow up illiterate, without the power training gives.

Consequently, though slaves, many of them came to thirst for information; above everything else—their religion excepted—they desired acquaintance with books. The educational spirit was awakened, and as opportunity could be made, the more ambitious here and there would devise means to get some acquaintance with letters.

This continued until Northern arms made possible the instruction of negroes without interruption. The spirit was developed, and when freedom came to all the people resident in the land of the cavalier, a nation stood ready to intermeddle with all knowledge. And ready stood the Puritan to assist it.

Into this open door of opportunity entered scores of the best men and women of the East, and everywhere they

were gladly received by the colored people, whom they found eager to be taught. Meeting-houses were turned over for school purposes, and they were crowded to overflowing by children, by youth, by those in middle life, and by the aged, all anxious to get that mysterious something, which since their acquaintance with the white man they had been denied.

And the pioneers in negro education will testify that it was deeply affecting to witness the zeal and earnestness that characterized the efforts of these lowly, dependent people. They seemed to feel that the opportunity they employed might at any moment be taken away, and they should labor with terrible earnestness while it continued.

It is now a generation since these scenes were enacted. Descendants of those first pupils are now, some educated and at work, and others fitting to follow them. Better and more systematic plans have been arranged for educating the race; large, and indeed, in some instances, pretentious educational foundations have been established, and a larger number of men and women have from year to year been sent South to engage in this work. Meantime, the educational spirit has grown; it has kept pace in its development with the means provided for its satisfaction.

Indeed, the colored people of the South were never more anxious for education than they are to-day.

PROF. WM. E. HOLMES.

*Atlanta Baptist Seminary.*

#### V. Improvement in Preaching.

MANY years ago, even before the Charleston batteries opened fire on Sumter, the negro had an intuition that he would some day be his own master. Why he had this feeling he could never tell, but it was his secret thought amid all his toils and hardships.

What wonder, then, that at times ejaculations of meaningless words would break forth, thick and fast, from his untutored lips, until in a half stupor he would mourn and weep? This was his prayer, and thus did he worship God. God, who knows the language of a groan, heard and soothed his soul.

The negro gave thanks and praises, mingling joys with doubtful hope, until he began to speak with an inspiration peculiarly his own. This was his sermon and thus he preached. There were, indeed, some excellent white men, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, who gave him instructions from God's Word.

When the negro found himself free, a deep sense of gratitude was in his heart for those who had been instrumental in liberating him. Naturally, he looked on those who had held him in servitude as his enemies. What was to be done? Alone in the world, ignorant, and as helpless as a child, he felt the great strain of merely existing. For a while, he lived on the ecstatic joys of liberty. The enthusiasm passed, and hard work was before him.

The more intelligent were leaders, and knowing more about religion than anything else, they became preachers or exhorters.

Little was expected of these leaders, and it is marvellous how well they held the people together, in every place

throughout the South, building houses for the worship of God — bricks without straw.

In those days, the whole argument of the preacher consisted in his own experience, interwoven with his own prophetic visions. All of which was strange, weird, vivid, filling the soul with fear and dread rather than peace and love.

Another element that entered into preaching was "sound." The preacher would begin in a calm, still voice scarcely audible beyond the pulpit; and then, as one hears the roar of thunder from a distant rising cloud on a calm, summer day, each roar growing louder and louder until the storm breaks forth in all its fury, so the climax of the sermon is reached. In torrents, words, only words, are rained down upon the people. The congregation rises to meet the issue, with groanings, shoutings, stamping of feet, clapping of hands, swaying of bodies. Zephyr is blown into a gale. Here the preacher cuts short his sermon, and the people fall like a bag of sand from an aerial car.

The cry for help was heard on all sides. "Oh, Lord, give us teachers to lead us from this wilderness of ignorance!" Help was at hand. Millions of dollars were sent to the South by philanthropists of the North. Young men were gathered into the schools eager to preach the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. As to the Baptists, the American Baptist Home Mission Society was and is, by far, the greatest factor in this work. It took years to get the young men prepared to preach. Some attended schools and cared for the churches at the same time, even as they are doing now.

Trained preachers are going out every year, and to whatever field they go, their influence is felt in all the churches in that community. A deacon of a country church said: "I used to think a man no preacher unless he preached a sing-song sermon and made the women-folks shout, but now I love to hear a man talk of Jesus — of His life, of His character, of His love." Another said: "I learned more about Christ in one year from our new pastor, than I did in twenty before he came."

There is improvement all along the line. The people see their needs, which is an assurance of growth. A new era is breaking upon the race, and the demand for an educated ministry is far greater than the supply. Even now, after thirty-three years, only the advanced guard has gone forth, where an army is needed.

Hundreds of preachers have been sent out from our schools, and yet, the greater the number that goes, the greater seems the demand.

All over the South, Ignorance and his Satanic Majesty hold sway, but Wisdom and God's Trumpeters are marching around the strongholds. The walls will fall.

If ever the negro needed help, this is the appointed time, for the improvement that has been made places him in that restless state wherein he is conscious of his own weakness, and yet he is not able to lift himself from the dreadful consequence of imminent failure.

REV. D. N. VASSAR,

*Professor in Richmond Theological Seminary.*

### VI. Improvement in Moral Standards and Life.

The closing of the war brought the abolishment of slavery and a change in the peculiar condition, in the moral status of the colored people, which was the natural result of slavery and its environments. Being denied the privileges of education, and having very little religious instruction save that which was given by preachers who were only a short time before emancipated, it would be unreasonable to expect anything but low moral standards among such a people. Their conception of life and its responsibilities was, perhaps, as imperfect as was the standard of morals among them.

The advent of missionaries and teachers among them soon gave them a true conception of the degrading influence of slavery and a new aspiration to improve their condition and to live better lives. This improvement has been slow, but it has been permanent. The old plantation preacher, with his peculiar whims and fancies, has become a thing of the past, and with the dawn of a new era has come a preacher educated and trained for his life-work.

The teacher who was content with his blue-back spelling-book has also disappeared, and graduates from schools and colleges have taken his place.

The rough and unsuited houses of worship have been transformed into large, commodious church buildings, and the one-room cabin is also fast disappearing, and the comfortable home is taking its place, and the marriage relation, which had been misunderstood and disgraced, has become sacred and inviolable. With these changes has naturally come a wonderful change in the moral standard and life of our people.

Of course it is not claimed that the race is without its defects along these lines, but when it is remembered that difficulties from within and without, some seen and some unseen, have been placed in the way, and in many cases overcome, the improvement has been marvellous.

New influences have come into operation, and there is no question but that improvement in moral standards and life will be more apparent in the future than it has been in the past.

P. H. KENNEDY,

*General Missionary for Kentucky.*

### The Emancipation Proclamation.

**D**URING the war, Henry Ward Beecher made frequent visits to Washington, often at the request of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. According to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, whenever he called at the White House his persistent appeal to President Lincoln was "Free the slaves! Free the slaves!" To this the President answered that there was no law by which he could abolish slavery, except as a military necessity. To Mr. Beecher's earnest request for a promise to do this, if the military necessity should arise, the President gave answer, "Certainly, with all my heart." Not long afterward, at his home in Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher was greatly agitated over the news that came from the front; started for Washington; hesitated; crossed and re-crossed Fulton Ferry several times, and at last, going to the telegraph office, sent this message to the President: "Is

there not a military necessity now? Will you keep your promise?" Before the day was ended, the answer came in two words: "Yes. Lincoln."

### An "Experience."

**T**HE old-time religious experiences of the colored people, as indeed many of them at the present day, were a curious mixture of fact and fancy, and their methods of finding peace and joy were very strange. Clearer, more intelligent, and more Scriptural views are displacing those old notions about "gittin' 'ligion." Yet, in their ignorance and superstition, with only faint conceptions of the Gospel, they were honestly and earnestly striving to be at peace with God; and who shall say that the Saviour, in His infinite compassion, did not hear and answer the yearnings of their souls, even though their gropings after Him were so peculiar, and to thoughtful minds most pathetic.

In Alabama, as I met an old negro in front of a cabin with two rooms wherein dwelt two families, and found that he was a Baptist, I asked him to tell me when he was converted, and something about his religious experiences. He proceeded to do so cheerfully. As the narrative progressed, his body swayed to and fro, while the intonations would require the skill of a musical composer for representation on paper.

"My 'sperience? 'Twas 'bout time of de wah. I felt dat everybody mout be saved but me; felt dat hell was for me sure 'nough. I felt so bad, I could hardly eat. I say, 'O Jesus, hear poor me, poor me, poor me!' I pray all de time for poor me. No help come. Long time I prayed. Den, at last, I did as dey tole me about de graveyard. You know colored people 'fraid of graveyard at night. I got up at midnight and went to de graveyard, and I look around and find a grave dat was hollow on top, dat was sunk in, an' I lay down in it, and pray for peace. It rained, an' de wind blow, an' I lay and pray for poor me. No peace come. I felt so bad for long time. Den I ask dat when de rooster crow at midnight he would waken me, an' my prayer be heard. No peace, no peace.

"Well, I went to work in de field, an' I pray, 'Jesus, let not de sun rise an hour higher 'fore I find peace.' No peace. Felt awful all day. Den I say, 'O Jesus, don't let dat sun go down an' leave me so.' All at once it seemed dat somethin' just burst in my breast, an' I stretched out my arms, and den I know no more for some time. De men in de field took me to de house. Den I hear a voice say—so soft and low, so soft and low: 'Your sins have been cast into hell, de load is gone; it's all right now.' I didn't know, I wanted to be sure, wanted to see where dey had gone to. So I had a vision of de place. I was just held by a little cord dat fastened in my hair, and let me down, down, till I come to a very narrow path dat went across de black pit, so narrow dat 'twas easy to slip off; an' I see where my sins had gone. An' den beyon' I see a big white house, an' a gate of pearl, an' de angels, an' I hear 'em a-singin' an' a-harpin', an' I know it's all right with poor me at last. Yes, sir, I loves de Lord, an' 'spects to serve Him till I die; praise de Lord for His mercy to poor me."

H. L. MOREHOUSE.

## A Giving That Was Greatly Blessed.

"Of a truth I say unto you, that this woman hath cast in more than they all: for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all . . . that she had."—Luke 21:3, 4.



**I**N the beautiful island of Ceylon, many years ago, the native Christians, who had long worshipped in bungalows and old Dutch chapels, decided that they must have a church built for themselves. Enthusiastic givers were each eager to forward the new enterprise. But to the amazement of all, Maria Peabody, a lone orphan girl, who had been a beneficiary in the girls' school at Oodooville, came forward and offered to give the land upon which to build, which was the best site in her native village.

This was all she owned, was her marriage portion, and by this act she renounced all hope of being married. When her friends tried to dissuade her she replied, "No, I have given it to Jesus, and as He has accepted it, you must."

Some one in the United States had been for years contributing twenty dollars annually for the support of this young Hindu girl, but the donor was unknown. The Rev. Doctor Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, visiting America about that time, longed to ascertain who the faithful sower was, that he might report the wonderful harvest. Finding himself in Hanover, N. H., preaching to the students of Dartmouth College, he happened in conversation to hear some one speak of Mrs. Peabody, and repeated, "Peabody; what Peabody?" "Mrs. Maria Peabody, who resides here; the widow of a famous professor," was the answer. "Oh, I must see her before I leave," said the earnest man about to continue his journey. The first words, after an introduction at her house, were: "I have come to bring you a glad report, for I can but think that it is to you we in Ceylon owe the opportunity of educating one who has proved as lovely and consistent a native convert as we have ever had. She is exceptionally interesting, devotedly pious, and bears your name."

"Alas!" said the lady, "although the girl bears my name, I wish I could claim the honor of educating her; it belongs not to me, but to Louisa Osborne, my poor colored cook. Some years ago, in Salem, Mass., she came to me after an evening meeting, saying: 'I have just heard that, if anybody would give twenty dollars a year, they could support and educate a child in Ceylon, and I have decided to do it. They say that along with the money I can send a name, and I have come, mistress, to ask if you would object to my sending yours.' At that time a servant's wages ranged from a dollar to a dollar and a half a week, yet my cook had for a long time been contributing half a dollar each month at a monthly concert for foreign missions. There were those who expostulated with her for giving away so much, as the time might come when she could not earn. 'I have thought it all over,' she would reply, 'and concluded I would rather give what I can while I am earning, and then if I lose my health and cannot work, I can go to the poorhouse; you see they have no poorhouses in heathen

lands, for it is only Christians who care for the poor.'" In telling this story Doctor Poor used to stop at this point, and exclaim: "To the poorhouse! Do you believe that God would ever let that good woman die in a poorhouse? Never!"

The missionary learned that the last known of Louisa Osborne was that she was living in Lowell, Mass. In the time his duties called him to that city. At the close of an evening service before a crowded house, he stated among missionary incidents, as a crowning triumph, the story of Louisa Osborne and Maria Peabody. He could tell, too, something besides the gift of the land, for the young girl's hand was sought in marriage by a young theological student who had heard of her self-sacrificing gift; she had been married to him, and together these two consecrated Christians were laboring in Alaverty among the idolaters, in a region which has since become thoroughly evangelized and largely Christian through their efforts. The disinterested devotion, self-sacrifice, and implicit faith and zeal of the Christian giver in favored America has been developed and matured and well-nigh eclipsed by her faithful protégée in far-off, benighted India.

His heart glowing with zeal, and deeply stirred by the fresh retrospect of the triumph of the Gospel over heathenism, he exclaimed: "If there is any one present who knows anything of that good woman, Louisa Osborne, and will lead me to her, I shall be greatly obliged." The benediction pronounced and the crowd dispersing, Doctor Poor passed down one of the aisles chatting with the pastor, when he espied a quiet little figure apparently waiting for him. Could it be she? Yes, it was a colored woman, and it must be Louisa Osborne. With quickened steps he reached her, exclaiming in suppressed emotion, "I believe this is my sister in Christ, Louisa Osborne!" "That is my name," was the calm reply. "Well, God bless you, Louisa, you have heard my report and know all, but before we part, probably never to meet again in this world, I want you to answer me one question: What made you do it?" With downcast eyes, and in a low and trembling voice, she replied, "Well, I do not know, but I guess it was my Lord Jesus."

They parted only to meet in New Jerusalem, for the missionary returned to his foreign home, soon to be borne to his honored grave, while the humble handmaiden of the Lord was lovingly cared for, not in the poorhouse, but in a pleasant, comfortable old ladies' home. "Them that honor me I will honor."

In 1880 the work of this converted heathen girl and her honored husband had resulted in a church with forty members, an inquirers' class, a large Sabbath school, and five or six village day schools with several hundred children in attendance, to whom the Bible lessons were regularly taught.—*Abridged from Life and Light.*

**HOLD** fast to love. If men wound your heart, let them not sour or embitter it; let them not shut up or narrow it; let them only expand it more and more, and be always able to say, with Paul: "My heart is enlarged."—*F. W. Robertson.*





## Our Girls.

### Missionary Mosaic.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—The Editor has kindly asked me to write you a little letter. I do not know you personally, but our love for the mission work makes us sisters, does it not? And the other day I was thinking of you and the dear workers everywhere, and, by some strange leading, I began to recall a visit to Peterborough Cathedral in England in 1896. We had not much time to go over it, my friend and I, so our memories of its beauties are a little hazy. The people have been "restoring" it for a long time, and I remember how clean it looked. I recall, also, the kindly face of the verger, whose patience with our ignorance and our whims, and whose enthusiasm over the labor of showing us all the interesting points, showed that it was by no means an old story to him. For things become "old stories" to us only when we lose interest in them. I remember so well the air of reverential pride with which he led us to the spots whence we could best view the precious "mosaic" pavement in the choir. It was amusing to me as he kept assuring us of the treat in store when we should see the mosaic; but when we did see it I was nearly as reverential as himself. Countless pieces of vari-colored marbles, each cut to a nicety, each set, *individually*, with greatest care, and the whole forming a most beautiful and intricate geometrical design. Dear girls! Is it not so that the pattern of our mission work will be? Every meeting, every bit of study, every mission fact, every prayer, every little testimony, every word spoken in favor of our missionaries, every soul won to Christ; are not these the countless bits, that, polished and prepared as the Master Designer wills, shall make of our work a beautiful whole, of which the angels may well be proud, and which they may jealously guard? May God bless you all!

FANNY LINCOLN STORY.

Gloucester, Mass.

DO we remember as we should, that as God gives to each one an individuality of face and form and character, so He causes the service of each worker to have a separateness and an individuality all its own? If we fail to do our utmost in our own way, something in the great whole will be lacking, for your work and mine, my dear girl friend, cannot be done by another.

We are very glad Miss Story has given you just the

message that she has, for it is exactly in the line in which we have been thinking. At a recent Christian Endeavor convention we referred to a choice mosaic that lies upon our desk as we write. It was brought from Italy by "the mother of our Woman's Home Mission Society," as she has been called—Mrs. Thomas Nickerson. It is an ornamental Florentine marble. Within an oval of deep blue, eleven inches in circumference, and set around with curious borders, is a representation of Pliny's doves—four beautiful creatures, sitting gracefully on the edge of a bowl, apparently filled with water, in which is reflected the face of one that is eagerly drinking therefrom.

I could not describe to you, so you could realize, without seeing for yourselves, the marvellous shadings of the countless bits that make the bowl of delicate browns, and the plumage with its soft tints of grays and pinks and blues, upon which one longs to lay loving hands; so life-like seem the mild-eyed doves, that look confidently at the one who ventures near them. Suppose one of the tiny bits of marble could have begged the skilful artist that it be left out the mosaic. We can seem to hear him saying: "Ah, no! The atom of shading you represent is needed to fill its own place. Every other particle is fitted to a particular spot. Be willing and content to occupy the position I give you, for otherwise my work will be sadly marred and incomplete."

Our Leader is looking down on the great body of our Christian Endeavorers and mission workers everywhere. "You in your small corner, and I in mine," must be faithfully filling the places to which God assigns us, knowing that the All-seeing Eye takes note if we have "feet that run of willing errands," and whatsoever He bids us do should be done "heartily as to the Lord."

A. S. H.

### My Part of the Work.

"I am only one,  
But I am one.  
I cannot do everything,  
But I can do something;  
What I can do I ought to do,  
And what I ought to do,  
By the grace of God  
I will do."

ONE way that our girls can help each other and the cause is by writing to this Department and telling some of the bright things that come to them in their work.

## Reasons Why We Should Give on Chapel Day.

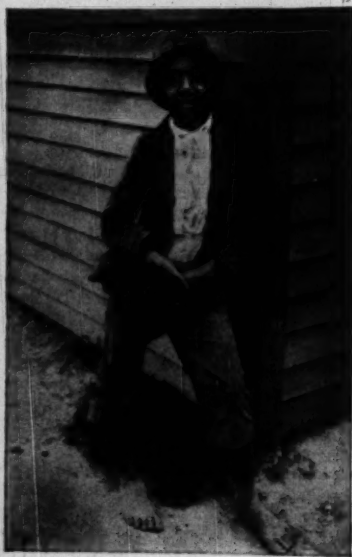
BECAUSE,—

I. There are 1,500 Baptist churches in our country with no meeting-houses.

II. There are many thousand little children who would gather every week in the Sunday school if they had a chapel home.

III. The Home Mission Society last year aided in building 93 churches and chapels. It also maintained 1,157 Sunday schools with an attendance of 68,379 scholars. We need to build more this year, and *we can if we will do our best.*

IV. Three hundred dollars will secure the building of a chapel in some destitute locality. Every Baptist boy and girl in New England can help, and thus belong to the army of cheerful givers whom God loveth.



A SUBJECT FOR MISSION WORK.

## Old Betsy's Mission Gifts.

[We have only room this month for the following story on the regular topic.]

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

"WHAT makes you care for missions, Betsy?" asked Emma Howard, as she walked a little way with old Betsy, who had been calling on her mother. Betsy saved the money she got for the eggs of two fowls, and every month she brought it to Mrs. Howard, as an offering for missions; so Emma said: "What makes you care for missions, Betsy? You might sell your eggs and buy yourself a nice warm dress."

"Dear chile, I has warm dresses enough, but ef I hadn't, I'se got suffin' else de poor heafens hasn't got. I'se got de sweet Lord Jesus in my heart, an' dey, poor creaturs, dun

know nuffin' 'bout Him. Ever since He made Hime known to me, I'se longed an' longed to let all de folks know 'bout Him. Jesus is lubly, Miss Emma; He's de great an' glorious King, an' yet He lubs an' cares for me—like black me—an' says, 'Let not your heart be troubled, when it's cold an' dark, an' dere's nuffin' in de cabin. Oh, I can't keep from shoutin' when I t'ink He's wash' my sins away! An' I can't keep from tellin' to everybody, 'Dis is my Beloved an' dis is my Friend; an' I wants everybody to know 'bout dis blessed, blessed Jesus. 'Oh, happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away!'"

"When was it, Betsy?"

"I'll tell ye, honey. 'Twas years an' years ago, when I was a poor slave. 'Twas den I heerd 'bout Jesus. I heerd how He cum down out of His glory in hebban, an' died in de cross for us, chile, for us—'stead of us, dat means; an' oh, jes' to t'ink of it! jes' to t'ink dat de Lord—of de whole earf an' hebban, too, should do dat!—dat when we sinners had got to die in hell for our sins, He comes an' says, 'Here, lem me go; I'll die 'stead of dem.' Oh, honey, it most breaks my heart every time I t'inks 'bout it; an' I'se so glad I knows it! How I does lub de Lord! An' better an' better still, He lubs me, 'cause ef He hadn't ha' lubbed me fust, I should nebber—no, nebber—ha' felt any lub for Him. Oh, glory, hallelujah! Miss Emma, does He lub Jesus?"

"Why, yes, Betsy; but I don't believe I love Him half as much as you do. I don't 'get the raptures,' as mamma says you do."

"Well, honey, you will. When you gets older, an' see much of His lubbin' kindness an' tender mercy, you'll sing an' shout jes' as I do, an' you'll want de whole world to hear 'bout Him. But maybe 'fore you're grown up dey'll all know 'bout it."

"Then I sha'n't have anybody to tell it to."

"P'raps not, 'less you begin now, chile. Dere's a chance for you now—good chance. Dere's lots of poor creaturs all 'bout dat nebber heerd of de crucified Jesus. But de time's comin', honey—yes, certain true, 'cause de Lord says it Himef—when we sha'n't have to tell our neighbors, 'Know ye de Lord,' for all shall know Him, from de leastest to de greatest. I sha'n't lib to see dat day, but p'raps you will; so I 'vise you, if you want to tell de good news, tell it quick as ye can; an' to as many as ye can, so ye won't lose your share of de joy. Dat's de joy of de Lord, an' He lets us enter into it."

"Now, go home, sweet chile. You're white as a lily outside, an' ef Jesus has wash' your sins away, you're white an' sweet as a lily inside. T'ank ye for helpin' dese poor old steps down de hill; an' now go, tell de fust pusson you see dat Jesus lubs 'em, an' died for 'em. Dat's ole Betsy's 'vice to ye, honey.'"—*Kind Words.*

THOUGH black the hand, red, brown, or white,  
All hearts are just the same,  
Each one is precious in His sight,  
Each one He calls by name.

And those who hear in every land,  
With loyal hearts and true,  
Will grasp some little brother's hand,  
And lead him onward, too.

—E.E.

## Our Little folks.



CHAPEL IN EAST SALT LAKE CITY, AMONG THE MORMONS.

### The Chapel Bell.

(From the Chapel Day S. S. Exercise, 1898.)

HEAR the bell! Chapel bell.\*

As it swings and rings

In the tower,

Calling all the children there;

Sparkling eyes and sunny hair

Gather for the hour of prayer,

When the bell, chapel bell,

Begins to ring and seems to sing : \*

"Children's Hour."

Joyous bell! Chapel bell,

With its Kling! Kleng! Kling!

Let it ring.\*

That each happy child may know,

As the flying moments go,

It is time good seed to sow,

When the bell, chapel bell,

With its Kling! Kleng! Kling! \*

Bids you sing.

Oh, the bell! Chapel bell,

Let it swing and ring

Clear and true.\*

Tender thought of one now dead,

Who, before her spirit fled,

In her thoughtful kindness said:

"Let the bell, a chapel bell,

Sway and swing, swing and ring

There for you." \*

—Mr. Harvey, of New York.

[Arrange to ring a bell softly at \*. A small bell in a near-by room would be effective.]

DEAR LITTLE FOLKS, EVERY ONE: Will you remember that the last Sunday in March is "Chapel Day," and that the Home Mission Society asks *your* Sunday school to make an offering for chapel building in the West and elsewhere. *How much money will you send?*

### Letter from a Western Girl.

MY father is a home missionary. When he told us he was going to move out here I was real glad. I thought it would be so nice to travel on the steamboats and in the cars, and to see New York, and the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi River, and the Rocky Mountains. But now I sometimes wish I was back again. Sundays John and I get real homesick. Papa has no church to preach in, and no place but an old, dirty hall. I tell John it isn't as good a

place as our barn-chamber was, in the town where we used to live, and have such fun stormy days. The floor isn't half as clean, and has great stains of tobacco juice. We have Sunday school in a room of one of the houses. Last Sunday I was close to the stove, and almost roasted. John sat by the door, and most froze, the wind blew on him so. The room was packed full, and some couldn't get in. I wish the boys and girls in the nice Sunday-school rooms of the East, as father calls it, could just see us next Sunday. I'm sure they'd send some of their Christmas money to papa, to help build a church. Then we could have a nice Sunday-school room. I wanted papa to write some letters about it to some of the Sunday schools. . . . Perhaps they will be willing to go without candy, and save that money to furnish our Sunday-school room. We don't have any candy now, but we don't miss it half so much as the nice room, and the singing books, and the library books, and the dear teachers and scholars. I feel just like crying when I think about all we left when we came here.

MARY —

### How the Children Gave.

ONE of the missionaries in charge of a Gospel Wagon in California gives an interesting account of the gifts of some children for "Gospel Wagon No. 12."

"In one household in Solano County, consisting of parents and four children, I found special encouragement. The mother, who is a devoted Christian, has taught her children the importance of giving to the Lord's cause, and after explaining the Gospel Wagon work to the two eldest, boys aged eleven and eight, asked them how much they wanted to give towards the 'Yolo County Wagon.' The eldest said, 'Mamma, I have only \$1.50; would fifty cents be too little?' She told him that would do very well, so he gave it cheerfully. Then the little eight-year-old gave fifteen cents, all he had. The youngest, a lovely little baby girl four months old, gave sweet, encouraging smiles. Again in Yolo County, a darling baby boy, aged three months, whose parents gave liberally for the wagon, welcomed me with smiles and 'coos,' as if to say, 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee,' and, by the way, his name is Paul. God bless the baby girl and boy, and mark them a share in 'Gospel Wagon No. 12.' I must not forget to say that the first piece of money given for this wagon was by a little orphan girl who has given her heart to Jesus."

### Another Voice from California.

I AM a little girl twelve years old. When the Gospel Wagon people came here I did not love Jesus, but now I love Him a great deal. I live at Pine Creek. The meetings were held in our schoolhouse. Papa and mamma are saved; so is my teacher, and most all the scholars. Last Sunday twelve were baptized in the creek near our house. Last night all in the meeting loved Jesus, and more are going to be baptized; every one is happy. I was so happy when I was baptized. I think it is so good to be a little Christian. We all feel sorry that the good people are going away, but we now have a Sunday school where we can learn more about Jesus.

FRANCES WALL.